

*Mess.* His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde.  
*Wor.* I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed?  
*Mess.* He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth:  
 And at the time of my departure thence, he was much fear'd by his Physician.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first bene whole,  
 Ere he by sicknesse had bene visited:  
 His health was neuer better worth then now.

*Hots.* Sicke now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect  
 The very Life-blood of our Enterprize,

'Tis catching hither, euen to our Campe,  
 He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,  
 And that his friends by deputation

Could not so soone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,  
 To lay so dangerous and deare a trust

On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne:  
 Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,

That with our small coniunction we should on,  
 To see how Fortune is dispos'd to vs:

For as he writes, there is no quailing now,  
 Because the King is certainly possesse

Of all our purposes: What say you to it?  
*Wor.* Your Fathers sicknesse is a mayme to vs.

*Hots.* A perillous Gash, a very Limme lopt off:  
 And yet, in faith, it is not his present want

Seemes more then we shall finde it:  
 Were it good, to set the exact wealth of all our States

All at one Cast? To set so rich a mayne  
 On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,

It were not good: for therein should we reade  
 The very Bottom, and the Soule of Hope,

The very Lift, the very vtmost Bound  
 Of all our fortunes.

*Dowg.* Faith, and so wee should,  
 Where now remains a sweet reuerfion.

We may boldly spend, vpon the hope  
 Of what is to come in:

A comfort of retirement liues in this.  
*Hots.* A Rendezvous, a Home to flye vnto,

If that the Deuill and Mischance looke bigge  
 Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.

*Wor.* But yet I would your Father had bene here:  
 The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempt

Brookes no diuision: It will be thought  
 By some, that know not why he is away,

That wisdom, loyalty, and meere dislike  
 Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence:

And thinke, how such an apprehension  
 May turne the eyde of fearefull Faction,

And breede a kinde of question in our cause:  
 For well you know, wee of the offering side,

Must keepe a booke from strict arbitrement,  
 And stop all sight-holes, euery loope, from whence

The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs:  
 This absence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,

That shewes the ignorant a kinde of feare,  
 Before not dreamt of.

*Hots.* You frayne too farre.  
 I rather of his absence make this use:

It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion,  
 A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,

Then if the Earle were here: for men must thinke,  
 If we without his helpe, can make a Head

To pash against the Kingdome: With his helpe,  
 We shall ore-turme it to pish: turne downe:  
 Yet all goes well, yet all our ioyes are whole.

*Dowg.* As heart can thinke:  
 There is not such a word spoke, of in Scotland,

At this Dreame of Feare.  
*Enter Sir Richard Vernon.*

*Hots.* My Cousin Vernon, welcome by my Soule.  
*Vern.* Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.

The Earle of Westmerland, seven thousand strong,  
 Is marching hither-wards, with Prince Iohn.

*Hots.* No harme: what more?  
*Vern.* And further, I haue learn'd,

The King himselfe in person hath set forth,  
 Or hither-wards intended speedily,

With strong and mightie preparation.  
*Hots.* He shall be welcome too.

Where is his Sonne,  
 The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,

And his Camrades, that daft the World aside,  
 And bid it passe?

*Vern.* All furnisht, all in Armes,  
 All plum'd like Eldridges, that with the Winde

Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,  
 Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,

As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,  
 And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer,

Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls,  
 I saw young Harry with his Beuer on,

His Cushes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
 Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,

And vaulted with such ease into his Seat,  
 As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,

To turne and winde a fierie Pegasus,  
 And witch the World with Noble Horsemanship.

*Hots.* No more, no more,  
 Worle then the Sunne in March:

This prayse doth nourish Agues: let them come,  
 They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,

And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoakie Warre,  
 All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them:

The mayled Mars shall on his Altar sit  
 Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire,

To heate this rich reprimall is so night,  
 And yet not ours: Come, let me take my Horse,

Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,  
 Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales:

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse  
 Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarse:

Oh, that *Glendower* were come!  
*Vern.* There is more newes.

I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,  
 He cannot draw his Power this foureteenth dayes.

*Dowg.* That's the worst Tidings that I heare of yet.  
*Wor.* I by my faith, that beares a frosty found:

*Hots.* What may the Kings whole Battaille reach  
 vnto?

*Vern.* To thirty thousand.  
*Hots.* Forty let it be.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,  
 The powres of vs, may serue to great a day:

Come, let vs take a muster speedily:  
 Doomsday is neere; dye all, dye merily.

*Dowg.* Take not of dying, I am out of feare  
 Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.*

*Falst.* Bardolph, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a  
 Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through: wee'll  
 to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

*Bard.* Will you giue me Money, Captaine?  
*Falst.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This Bottle makes an Angell.  
*Falst.* And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it

make twentie, take them all, Ile answere the Coynage.  
 Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meete me at the Townes end.

*Bard.* I will Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*  
*Falst.* If I be not asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a

lowe't-Gurnet: I haue mis-vs'd the Kings Presse dam-  
 nably. I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie

Souldiers, three hundred and odder Pounds. I presse me  
 none but good House-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire

me out contrasted Batchelers, such as had bene ask'd  
 twice on the Banes: such a Commoditie of warme slaues,

as had as lieue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; such as  
 feare the report of a Caliuier, worse then a struck-Foole,

or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I prest me none but such Tostes  
 and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellies no bigger then

Pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their seruices:  
 And now, my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corporals,

Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as  
 ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where the Glut-

tons Dogges licked his Sores; and such, as indeed were  
 neuer Souldiers, but discard'd vniust Seruingmen, youn-

ger Sonnes to younger Brothers, reuolted Tapsters and  
 Officers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and

long Peace, tenne times more dishonorable ragged,  
 then an old-fac'd Ancient; and such haue I to fill vp the

roomes of them that haue bought out their seruices: that  
 you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd

Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating  
 Drasse and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way,

and told me, I had vnloaded all the Gibbers, and prest the  
 dead bodies. No eye hath scene such skar-Crowes: Ile

not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay,  
 and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if

they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the moit of them  
 out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my

Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt to-  
 gether, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Heralds

Coat, without sleeues: and the Shirt, to say the truth,  
 holme from my Host of S. Albones, or the Red-Nose

Inne-keeper of Dauinty. But that's all one, they'll finde  
 Linnen enough on euery Hedge.

*Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.*

*Prince.* How now blowne *Lack*? how now Quilt?  
*Falst.* What *Hal*? How now mad Wag, what a Deuill

do't thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of West-  
 merland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had al-

ready bene at Shrewsbury.  
*West.* Faith, Sir *Iohn*, 'tis more then time that I were

there, and you too: but my Powers are there already.  
 The King, I can tell you, looks for vs all: we must away

*Falst.* Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to  
 steale Creame.

*Prince.* I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft  
 hath already made thee Butter: but tell me, *Lack*, whose

fellowes are these that come after?  
*Falst.* Mine, *Hal*, mine.

*Prince.* I did neuer see such pittifull Rascals.  
*Falst.* Tut, tut, good enough to tosse: foode for Pow-

der, foode for Powder: they'll fill a Pit, as well as better:  
 tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

*Westm.* I, but Sir *Iohn*, me thinkes they are exceeding  
 poore and bare, too beggarly.

*Falst.* Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they  
 had that; and for their barenesse, I am sure they neuer

learn'd that of me.  
*Prince.* No, Ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers

on the Ribbes bare. But firra, make haste, *Percy* is already  
 in the field.

*Falst.* What is the King encamp'd?  
*Westm.* Hee is, Sir *Iohn*, I feare wee shall stay too

long.  
*Falst.* Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the begin-

ning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Guest.  
*Exeunt.*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Dowglas, and Vernon.*

*Hots.* Wee'll fight with him to Night.  
*Wor.* It may not be.

*Dowg.* You giue him then aduantage.  
*Vern.* Not a whit.

*Hots.* Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?  
*Vern.* So doe wee.

*Hots.* His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.  
*Wor.* Good Cousin be aduis'd, stirre not to night.

*Vern.* Doe not, my Lord.  
*Dowg.* You doe not counsaile well:

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.  
*Vern.* Doe me no slander, *Dowglas*: by my Life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my Life,  
 If well-respected Honor bid me: on,

I hold as little counsaile with weake feare,  
 As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues.

Let it be scene to morrow in the Battell,  
 Which of vs feares.

*Dowg.* Yea, or to night.  
*Vern.* Content.

*Hots.* To night, say I.  
*Vern.* Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being me of such great leading as you are  
 That you fore-see not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse  
 Of my Cousin *Vernons* are not yet come vp,

Your Vnckle *Worcesters* Horse came but to day,  
 And now their pride and mettall is asleepe,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
 That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

*Hots.* So are the Horses of the Enemie  
 In generall iourney bated, and brought low:  
 The better part of ours are full of rest.